The Largest Circulation of any Illustrated Paper in Great Britain.

Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. III.—No. 109.] SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1886. [ONE PENNY.

THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.

"You have heard, of course, dear, the rumour that there was some hanky-panky business over Wednesday's Race. It appears that Papa really won the Derby, with the Dook Snook's Mephistopheles. Ormonde, The Bard, *and* Grey Friar *were not in it, with Poor Papa."*—TOOTSIE.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, May 24th, 1886.

One or Two Sloperian Celebrations.

1. Grand firework display in the Eminent's back garden.

2. Trooping the Colours at Whitehall. "The rag that's braved a thousand years," &c.

3. Loyal enthusiasm on the part of Mr. McGooseley and Ikey Moses, Esq.

THE QUAKER.

ONE March morning in 1845 at Aylesbury Gaol they hanged a Quaker. He was married to a highly-respectable young lady, with whom he lived, seemingly in affluence, at Berkhampstead. He founded Sunday schools and savings banks, and was ostentatiously charitable; yet, he had a bad name. His past would scarcely bear close investigation. He had been transported to Australia for forgery, obtained a ticket-of-leave, got married, started in business, made a good lump of money, lost his wife (people afterwards said he poisoned her), and came to England.

He religiously adhered to the Quaker dress, but other Quakers avoided him. He was known to be a libertine, and looked upon as a hypocrite, and there was a serious scandal laid to his account respecting a young woman he had taken into his service on the death of his first wife, a certain Sarah Hart.

On the 1st of January, 1845, Sarah Hart was found by a neighbour in the agonies of death, in her cottage at Salthill, a short distance from Slough. A few minutes previously the neighbour had noticed a quiet elderly gentleman in Quaker garb walking towards Eton. The vicar, who happened to be on the spot, hearing the story, at once followed in the track, and arriving at Slough Station, saw the Quaker—his name was Tawell—enter a first-class carriage of a train on the point of starting for London. The station-master being informed sent a telegram to the terminus, accurately describing the suspected man, and in a few minutes came back the reply

that he had arrived at Euston, and had got into an omnibus in which a detective had followed him, and taken his seat quite innocently, as it seemed, by his side.

He was in money difficulties, and the woman was a burthen to him. He had gone down secretly to see her in the dead of winter, and had sent her out for a bottle of porter, which he and she had drunk together. Two glasses were found on the table with some porter in each; in one of them only there was prussic acid.

On the omnibus arriving at the Bank, Tawell got out, crossed over to the statue of the Duke of Wellington, where he stopped for a short time looking about, it is supposed, to see if any person was following him, and then proceeded to the Jerusalem Coffee House; thence over London Bridge, to the Leopard Coffee House, in the Borough; then back again to Cannon Street, in the City, to a lodging house in Scott's Yard, where he was apprehended with £12 10s. in his pocket, and documents that led to his being identified.

It is a curious, but perhaps not currently known fact, that in the alphabet used by the electric telegraph there are no separate signs or symbols for J, Q, or Z, though each of these are represented by their synonyms, or sister sounds, G, K, and S. This is occasionally found awkward. Its inconvenience, at any rate, was illustrated in the particular case of Tawell, who probably might have escaped had it not been that the manipulator at Paddington was aware of the adverse results that might arise from the imperfection connected with the feature in question. It was the particular character, or Quaker costume, of Tawell that led to his immediate detection. The manipulator at Slough had to communicate the fact to the authority at Paddington that the suspected party was a Quaker. This puzzled him, from the fact of there being no exclusive symbol for Q in the category of electric letters; and the using of the letter K for this purpose might have led to confusion and loss of time, While the clerks were carrying on an interchange of "not understand," "repeat," &c., &c., six or seven times, the train might have arrived, and Tawell have altogether escaped detection. It fortunately happened that the person then working the telegraph at Paddington knew the defect, and comprehended at once, both mechanically and mentally, what was intended to be conveyed.

* * * * * *

The solemn silence succeeding the perusal of this strange story was suddenly broken by one of the azure-opticted infants, with the simple question, "Why didn't he get out somewhere between Slough and Paddington?"

"Hass!" thundered Blood-Stained Bill; "the train didn't stop at the intermediate stations."

"Hass yourself!" screamed Alexandry; and once again they were busy. *(Next week a Topper!)*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "The Family," will be answered in due course.

O. Lerische (Brixton).—*We should like to present the "Award of Merit" to Miss Maude Stafford, the "Surrey Favourite," but really, our list is so full; however, we will bear the young lady's name in mind.*——Cuthberto Barbero (Bow Road, E.)—*Ally will hang* "Ally Sloper's Christmas Party"—*which you have highly, very highly coloured—in his coal-cellar, as you desire.*——Kate Godbolt.—*Declined with thanks.*——J. Moss (Bobber's Mill, near Nottingham).—*Your language is so choice (!) that we are sure the Editor of the* Christian World *would find you an acquisition to his staff.*——J. H. (Colville Road, Wisbeach).—*Before you read this you will have beheld McNab in the seventh heaven of delight.*——G. Bondos (Clapham).—*Tootsie says your plaintive wail that you don't know her, but wish to do so, can be easily remedied if you like.*——J. G. Trundley (101 Houndsditch, E.C.)—*The Eminent's thanks for "The New Ally Sloper Pipe." He has just smoked a couple of pipe-fulls, and enjoyed them.*——Alfred Collison (Tottenham).—*No room for your lines.*——Ringtail (West Cowes).—*Trott's photo to hand; he looks equal to the perpetration of the blackest of crimes. The Eminent would be charmed to visit you, but at present is too much occupied with his Parliamentary duties.*——Musicus (Hulme, Manchester).—*We much regret we cannot furnish you with the information you desire.*——John Merryman (Provincia de Huelva, Spain).—"*The Bishop and the Ballet*" *appeared in* Judy, *October 14th, 1885.*——H. B. Penniston (Wells Street, W).—*Slippers received, and have been placed among the "Sloperian Relics." Come and see them. Tootsie will send her photo on receipt of three stamps to defray Postage.*——Don Mackay (Falkirk).—"*Love's Young Dream*" *is declined with thanks.*——Baker-Kent (Macclesfield).—*Sorry, but we have no room for your contributions.*——"Exasperated Agitators" Liberal and Radical Club.—*In "The Second New Ministry" you have actually forgotten to include* A. Sloper, *Esq.*

Rates of Subscription for "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday"

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"The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

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And the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" *will be given for the Best Illustrated Comic Skit on any picture in the*

ROYAL ACADEMY.

The drawings should be in pen and ink on card. Only the Prize Drawing will be published, which, if too large for publication, will be reduced by photography to a size suitable to the pages of the "Half-Holiday." A. Sloper, R.A., *is pleased to inform his artistic supporters that Sir Frederick Leighton, P.O.S., P.R.A., who has been on a visit to* "The Sloperies" *for the last few months, has kindly consented to act as Judge, so please address all Competitions to*

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.O.S., P.R.A.,
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*** *The List will close* Saturday, June 5th.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Within the last twelve months four prisoners have escaped out of a provincial gaol. Three of them climbed over the wall, so the authorities built the wall higher. The fourth prisoner was therefore obliged to slip back the bolt of his cell and walk out of the front prison door. It would have been almost insulting to the authorities, you see, if he had climbed over the wall too. The fifth prisoner has not as yet quite made up his mind which way *he* is going.

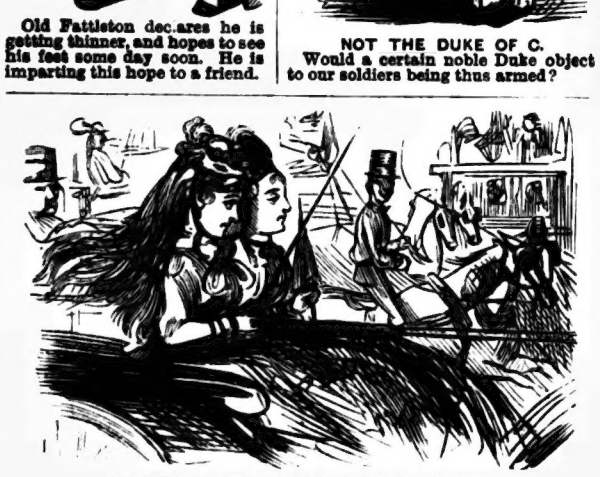
***

Certainly the grim uncertainty of the law is delightfully illustrated by the two following sentences passed recently. A man, charged with having stolen a pair of boots: sentence, seven years' penal servitude, and seven years' police supervision. Another man, charged with assaulting his daughter, aged eight years: sentence, seven days' hard labour. He had seized hold of the child's hair, dashed her down a flight of steps, thrashed her unmercifully, and finished up his fatherly correction by battering her face till her front teeth were loosened. Certainly there *were* some extenuating circumstances in the latter case. The child was weak, and not so active as she ought to have been in scrubbing floors and running errands, thereby causing discomfort to her papa.

FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 109.—"The Oaks" Costume.

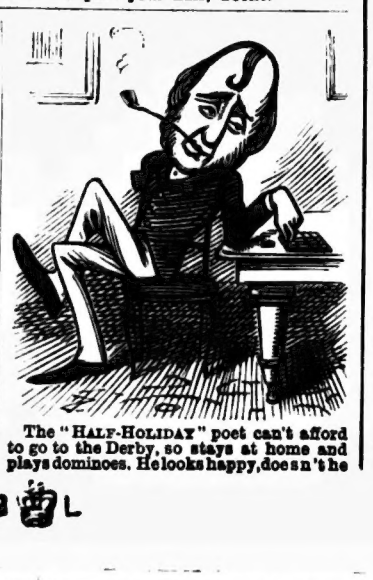
Old Fattleton dec.ares he is getting thinner, and hopes to see his feet some day soon. He is imparting this hope to a friend.

NOT THE DUKE OF C.
Would a certain noble Duke object to our soldiers being thus armed?



OBJECTS OF ATTRACTION IN ROTTEN ROW.
Voice from the Crowd. I'll part your hair, Tottie.

BEAUTY'S TOILET
Old Rumble, an intimate friend of the Dook Snook's, with mashing intentions on Derby morning.



The "Half-Holiday" poet can't afford to go to the Derby, so stays at home and plays dominoes. He looks happy, doesn't he

A very odd discovery has been made at Moorsville, in Indiana, U.S. of America. Some workmen digging have found a skeleton resembling that of a human being, "except that there are two small horns curving back from the forehead, and a tail about a foot long." As one reads this, it is impossible to avoid the notion that perhaps at last the Devil is dead! But, alas! the feeling of gratification with which every right-minded person would regard this happy event is dispelled by a moment's reflection. Unfortunately, the tail isn't half long enough for popular notions of his Satanic Majesty.

***

It would appear that a party down in Staffordshire is interested in the tombstone of a late resident in those parts, and wanted to mention the fact that she had been "twenty-one years a dutiful daughter, three years a chaste and virtuous sweetheart, and forty years a loving wife." But the Improvement Commissioners in those parts seem to have objected to receive the tombstone into their Cemetery. I have sat up three nights with my feet in cold water, to keep me awake, wondering whether they objected most to the woman being dutiful, chaste, virtuous or loving, and I haven't been able to decide.

***

The Queen of Hearts at a joyous pace
Goes forth on her conquering mission
The race she wins is the human race
In its masculine division.

Her sceptre on Epsom Downs she wields
As well as in drawing room splendid:
From her diamond shafts by no earthly shield
Can male mortals be defended.

To enchain all hearts she has still a way
Of her own, the bewitching fairy;
And she rides on a feather, the emblem gay
Of her fancy, bright and airy.

***

Accounts from Wisconsin state that "the Oneida Indians have organised a brass band, and purchased twenty-five wind instruments." They have, no doubt, also retired into the depths of the primeval forest to practise; and it is to be hoped they will enjoy themselves. Music, we know, hath charms to soothe the savage breast, and twenty-five trombones, blown by twenty-five noble savages, none of whom know a note of music, must be one of the most soothing things that could possibly be listened to.

***

"Oh, hain't it sultry, Hedwin?" said Ann Eliza, at the Colonies, "I do 'ate to be 'ot." "Ah! I shouldn't mind if I was more 'otter-like," returned the young man gravely, as he watched those creatures splash about in their pond. He had his wish to an extent, for an official heard his nonsense, and cast him into the water as a warning to others. All frivolity was promptly checked at South Kensington Show on that day.

***

A boy was charged before Uncle Boffin with stealing a truck, and the mother, who was in a great state of agitation, made a rush to embrace him, but meeting with a repulse from the constable engaged in the case, she cast at him a look of deep indignation, and bade the prisoner speak up himself. Uncle Boffin said, "At present, I do not see that there is any necessity for his doing so." The mother then threw him a pocket-handkerchief to wipe his eyes, and an elderly woman, also much affected, stood forward and said, "Sir, the truck was at the mercy of the world." The magistrate thought there had been a little more energy than was necessary displayed on the defence of the prisoner, for, as the prosecutor was not present, the boy would be discharged. The boy on leaving the dock was covered with kisses. I understand there was a display of fireworks that evening in the court where that boy resides.

***

And why, this Derby, was A. Sloper harder up than ever? Where was the luxurious landau, the dashing dog-cart, the cosy hansom, with just enough room for a moderate-sized loveliness and A. Sloper, and a goodish big hamper inside? It don't much matter when A. Sloper doesn't run to it. A friend in the ginger-beer business had offered A. Sloper partial accommodation in a vehicle, but experience has taught A. Sloper that bottles are lumpy to sleep on, and you don't get your proper amount of rest. Under these circumstances, A. Sloper decided to walk.

***

As surely as spring comes round certain indefatigable observers of nature with nothing better to do than to write to the newspapers have the privilege of seeing recorded in type that they heard the cuckoo in such a place on such a day. It is difficult to describe the cuckoo's note. It is not a chirp, nor a whistle, nor a song, but when I find one gentleman describing it as "a roar," I willingly yield him the palm for descriptive writing. The nightingale's "bleat," the thrush's "bark," the sparrow's "grunt," the blackbird's "shriek," the journalist's "bray"—no; I give it up. I'm not in it with him!

***

Foot or Feet?—We should say that it depends upon circumstances. For instance, if you are a moderately heavy man, with good thick shooting boots on, why, you could kick sufficiently hard for all ordinary purposes with one *foot;* but if, on the other hand, you happen to be smaller than the party you want to kick, and in slippers or thin boots, possibly it might hurt more to use both *feet.* We never tried kicking with both feet at once, but should imagine that it would require some little practice.

***

A sudden burst of colours bright
A thrill of expectation;
A score of horses rush in sight,
In gallant emulation!
"They're off!" resounds along the course,
Where mighty crowds are thronging,
And each one names the winning horse,
According to his longing.

Then "niggers" cease their dismal strain;
Bystanders all are heedless;
Bookmakers offer odds in vain;
Vociferation's needless.
"They're off at last! Take off your hat!
Bravo! see! there they're going!
This wins!" some cry; "no, no! 'tis that!"
Hurrahing and bravo-ing.

***

Biffin heard his old grandfather in Somersetshire tell the following story:—"Old Jimmy Hurdle, Sarah Hurdle's brother, do 'ee mind?—we used to call him Bungay, do 'ee mind? Well, 'ee used to come in vor to borry (*borrow*) father's ladder, an' whan 'ee brought 'um back agean, 'ee allus axed vor 'arf a pint o' zider. Wod'n' bad, was ut? Well, wan day her brought 'un back a' broaked (*broken*), and darn'd ef 'ee dedn' zay 'Measter Beffen, get un mended vor me, will 'ee? 'cos I'd a'want 'un agean to-morry. Can I beg a 'arf a pint o' zider, measter?' Purty good, that, eah? But larst ov all, he brengs 'un back with dree (*three*) rounds a' broaked, and then, 'Measter Beffen,' zea zays, 'Measter Beffen, I be goin' to get a ladder o' my owan to-morry, and then I *shan't nuther borry nor land.* Can I beg 'arf a pint o' zider?' Theer! a purty feller 'ee was, wad'n' 'er?"

***

An important meeting of the ruling powers of one of the principal railway companies was held last week, the object being to decide upon "the best means of developing the passenger traffic." One obvious means of doing this does not seem to have suggested itself: Let these dignitaries think less of their dignity and more of their charges, and also, just as an experiment—lower both. The result will follow.

***

What is the difference, if you please, between a chilly man on the top of a Derby drag and the much hunted "Derby dog?"—Well, the one, you see, wears a great coat, the other pants.

TOOTSIE AT THE OAKS.

According to Lord Bob, every year a betting mania sets in round about Derby Day, and everyone planks down their biggest, best, lucky double-headed shilling, or serious Sunday boots or Monday morning bootlaces, on the favourite horse.

Lord Bob's Drag going down.

The Derby is a race looked forward to eagerly by the generality of girls, even the less well-regulated ones, in the hope that the young man of means, and the barouche and pair, will spin around and waft away the lace and trimmings, silk, satin, feathers and improvery, and bear them in triumph to the course.

Alas! how often in this world is the male, make-believe, man thing found wanting? They promise so much, don't you think, and so frequently break their appointments?

And, when you come to think of it, what a ridiculous fuss the foolish stupids do make over the slightest possible backwardness in keeping an idiotic appointment which they have, in their wonderful wisdom, settled upon taking place about an hour and a half or so before the time it ought to have been, or was in the faintest degree necessary it should. So that as I, and of course you, dears, having found, over and over again, when we stroll up just in time—for the train, or whatever it may be we were supposed to be going to catch—everything was just exactly to the nick of time. How I do hate fidgety fools! Don't you?

"The Sloper Minstrels" worry the poor dear Dook.

I think you must know by now that Bob's failing is meanness. To be sure, every now and then he has sort of fits of overwhelming generosity; but if nobody happens, at the moment, to want a packing-case full of odds and ends, what does it come to? Now, there is Poor Pa, for instance. Of course a box of cigars is all very well; but then, as Poor Pa says himself, Why bring them out of condition? What trouble in the world would it be to Bob to raise the box-lid, turn the cigars, and let them dry for a day or two. Now really, what trouble would it have given Bob to get the things into decent order, without bothering poor, dear, overworked Pa with the cheap rubbish too soon?

Well, as we *could not* go to the Derby, because they happened to charge twopence more on the Derby Day than on any other day, we went to the Oaks, and I suppose Bob did not grumble quite as much as usual, though I really must say it was absurd of him to drive that overgrown Billy and that absurdly daddy long-legged Dook down on his drag.

That wretched Billy (I am getting to object to him very much) had a crowd of Lardy Longsoxes and things round him all day long, making himself more than conspicuous by staking bets which he must have known he couldn't pay.

The number of Sloper Pipes smoked by peer and peasant we counted on the road down was astonishing; but I do wish the general public would not show their adoration for Poor Pa in this particular way—besides, the pipes do not flatter my anything but revered parent.

Billy beloved and adored by the "Friv." Girls.

And those idiotic Nigger Troupes my miserable father gets up by way of advertisement for his "Half-Holiday!" The poor dear Dook Snook was much put about by a troupe of niggers, calling themselves "*The Sloper Minstrels*," dancing and singing round him. The most objectionable of the party, perhaps, was a man with a black face, got up to imitate Poor Papa's peculiarities. How the Family makes me blush! Well, there! I think I'd rather stop at home. Life seems to me to be scarcely worth living, with such a crew round one.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE!!

AN "ALLY SLOPER" PIPE

FOR EVERYBODY.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

In the Announcement made in "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday" *of April 24th, the Eminent promised to give away 1,500 Colouring Clay Pipes, representing his well-known visage, to the first 1,500 applicants. This he has done, but he is overcome with grief when he reflects that more than 10,000 kind friends sent Post Cards applying for Pipes, which, according to Sloperian arithmetic, means that no less than 8,500 people had to go without them. To remedy what almost takes the form of* A Public Calamity, *the Eminent has decided to present a Pipe, gratis, to everybody who will call at* "The Sloperies" *on*

MONDAY NEXT, MAY 31ST.

All you have to do is to call at "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C., on Monday next, any time between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m., and, in loud and stentorian tones, demand of The Office Boy *your "Ally Sloper" Pipe, which will be handed to you, without charge, packed in a neat little box. Henceforth May 31st shall be known as*

PIPE MONDAY!!!

*** The Friend of Man *has had hundreds of letters from his Patrons in all parts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, pointing out the impossibility of their making a journey of many hundreds of miles in order to obtain the* "Ally Sloper" Pipe, *and begging that they may be allowed to send a sum of money for it to be posted to them. To speak the truth,* Ally *hasn't sufficient capital to pay for the stamps that would be required were he to promise to send a Pipe to every one who asked for it, but rather than be thought shabby, he will give a Pipe to every one who will come for it on* PIPE MONDAY; *or he will send one to* Country applicants only *on receipt of* 1½*d. in stamps, the cost of Postage, in which latter case send* 1½*d. and your Name and Address* only *to*

"The Piperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A GOOD OLD STORY.

In Three Cantos and a Moral.

Canto I.—Over-Night.

Really and truly it's very outrageous,
Derby Day fever is kinder contagious;
Such tattle and prattle, it's really quite dreadful,
Enough sure to fill e'en an anchorite's head full.
Well, *I* shan't go down, No, I've quite made my mind up—
It's not the trip down, 'tis the wicked old wind-up.
Have I any more reasons? I don't mean to state 'em.
I'm dashed if I go! There, that's my ultimatum!

Canto II.—The Morning of the Race.

What a beautiful day! How the bright sun is shining!
I half wish I'd gone! There, 'tis no good repining;
My mind is made up! What's that knocking and ringing?
That's Jack Robinson's voice that I hear below singing.
A seat at my service? I *must* be a duffer!
Well, there, I *will* go—man was born but to suffer

Canto III.—Next Day.

O dear! what a fool! How my poor head is splitting!
(I think, on the whole, it hurts less when I'm sitting.)
P'r'aps it was the lobster! A bad thing that—very!
Or the fiz, the cold punch, or the ale, or the sherry.
Where the deuce is that sov.? I must surely have lost it!
My seat cost me nix. Perhaps I bet it or tost it.
Never mind, now it's gone—yet it makes one feel nettled.
No more Derbys for me! Not for Joe! There! That's settled.

Moral—Goes again next year.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

(*If one may judge by what one sees occasionally on the Derby Day.*)

That a weedy pony, aged ever-so-much, with a wall-eye and a habit of "saying prayers" at frequent intervals, can't draw eight heavy costermongers from Bethnal Green to Epsom and back.

That it is easier to walk all the way to the Downs without a bicycle than by the side of one which you can't ride on.

That the inquiry of a bad rider, why he doesn't "get inside" (meaning inside of his horse), has been made once or twice before.

That "chaff" is none the less amusing if unaccompanied by foul language and hard swearing.

That a railway carriage isn't full while any one can sit, stand, or lie down in it.

That paper wreaths and halfpenny dolls are not suitable for all complexions.

And, finally—

That you can't open a street-door with a corkscrew or an empty champagne-bottle, at two in the morning.

SOME DERBY "MORALS."

By Our Own Moral Man.

The "Derby" is sometimes won by a head, but the legs generally win the money.

Few people pass through Epsom on Wednesday without halting. Everybody, you know, believes in Epsom's *halts*.

Back as many horses as you like, but don't back them through shop-windows—it runs expensive.

Many people go down to Epsom with the intention of laying "on the field." After luncheon and the second bottle of champagne, many do so—literally.

Whilst other parties who take too much to drink on the Downs take it as a matter of *Course*.

HINTS TO ALL WHO WOULD THOROUGHLY ENJOY THEMSELVES ON THE DERBY DAY.

1. Buy a pasteboard nose.
2. And a wreath of paper roses.
3. And a pea-shooter, with which try and blind some one: this is great fun.
4. Mix your liquors.
5. If you want to cross the course, leave it till it is clear, then stoop under the ropes, and walk deliberately across. No one will dare to interfere with you.
6. Be sure you go down in a new hat, and decorate it with dolls when coming home.
7. Chaff everybody—particularly big, angry men—if you can fight.
8. Buy all the straight tips purchasable, and back all the morals.
9. *(And perhaps this is the best plan after all).* Stop away.

THE SLOPER RELICS!!

LOOK OUT FOR THE ROARING LIONESS!!

This celebrated collection is now open to the Public daily, Sundays included. No Charge for Admission. Important and Extensive Additions!! Although considerable pressure was brought to bear on A. Sloper *in order to get him to send his world-renowned* "Relics" *to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, he refused, as he says, on* Public *grounds. Whatever did the old man mean?*

****NOTE.*—"The Sloper Arms" *is next door to* "*The Sloperies.*"

UNCLE BOFFIN'S GUIDE TO THE "COLONIES."

Mr. Editor, Sir,—This time I made my way to the "Colonies" alone, Sir. Alone in a gaudily painted hansom.

Once inside, I was gazing with much interest at the Indian Jungle scene, when I heard the sounds of singing in the distance.

The Dook's *Can-Can* with Tottie Goodenough.

Some of the Indian weavers chanting a dirge, methought. But no, sir; after turning a sharp corner I nearly stumbled over the Dook Snook seated slumbering on a camp-stool. His nose was apparently well decorated with burnt cork, and the rest of the Sloper Family were gathering round him warbling a species of glee. The refrain struck me as being very like "Old King Cole." The wild shout that greeted my appearance awakened the Dook, and he was subjected to cruel chaff, sir. He caned the boy Higgins with the calm severity of a public schoolmaster. Quelled by his prompt action the rest left us.

"Boffin, let us have a look at the portrait models of our Native Indian Troops," said the Dook, linking his arm in mine.

"With pleasure, Dook," I replied. "Anything connected with India interests me. My third cousin died in the Punjaub thirty years ago of liver complaint, so——"

"Don't mention it," interrupted the Dook. "An ancestor of mine had his ears cut off in 1630 by order of the Moghul Emperor. I attribute my tendency to deafness to this unf——" He never finished the interesting sentence, for a clashing of arms and loud shrieks of merriment drowned his voice.

The Family, led by the Eminent himself, had attacked the dummy Indian contingent, and deprived them of their weapons and portions of their uniforms. The way they carried on, Sir, was frightful.

Bob and Billy, the celebrated Blue-blood Dusttists.

Lord Bob and Mr. McGoosesley prodded with fixed bayonets at what they were pleased to call my dumpling depôt. They both assured me huskily that a little counter-irritation would do my digestive organs a great deal of good.

Just as I thought my last moment had come, sir, Mr. Moses called out "Whoy'on, Slops!"

The words were foreign to me, sir, but they caused The Family to throw down their booty—their loot—and beat a most hasty retreat. The Dook and I had some difficulty in persuading several policemen, who immediately appeared on the scene, that we had been the victims of a gross outrage; but, like last week, the Dook's social position carried all before it, and after gold had passed into the hands of the constables we were free to depart.

Exhausted and ill with worry, the Dook and I adjourned to a well-conducted American Bar; and allow me to remark, sir, that a few "cobblers," "smashes," "cocktails," "flips" and "slings" have a very soothing effect on perturbed minds.

The Dook and I felt at peace with all the world after our refreshment, and got into a very comfortable and gorgeously-decorated bullock cart in the Jeypore Court to have forty winks.

I am sure, sir, we couldn't have dozed more than fifteen minutes when we were rudely disturbed by blows from Mrs. Sloper's umbrella.

"Stop that snorin' in the buildin'. It ain't allowed by Hact of Parlyment; besides, you're a-frightnin' the people—they thinks wild helephants hev got loose!" shouted the respected matron.

"Uncle Boffin," exclaimed Mr. Sloper, sententiously, "you were sent here to compile a Guide. Do your dooty, sir, like a man and a Christian."

"If this 'ere sorter thing gets out you ll get the reppitashun of bein' a boozer, Uncle Boffin," whispered Alexandry. "Give me five bob and I won't go back on yer."

The Castigation of Alexandry.

I gave the five bob, Sir.

Then we meandered into the Canadian Court. Up to now, sir, I have looked upon the Dook as a perfect gent., but his *can-can* with Miss Tottie Goodenough was more *outré* than I have ever seen on a Sunday night in Paris. His get-up, too, in furs was most outrageous.

Lord Bob tested various stringed instruments with severity, and the Hon. Billy fell off a well-padded music-stool in an ecstasy of delight at hearing five double-wires go *pop*.

I retired, sir, just as Mrs. Sloper was castigating the boy Alexandry—in the "good old-fashioned way." The child had annexed snow-shoes, and had stolen Mrs. S.'s sandwiches to make slides with.

The Eminent and I go together next week.

More than Colonially yours, Boffin.

ON THE ROAD.

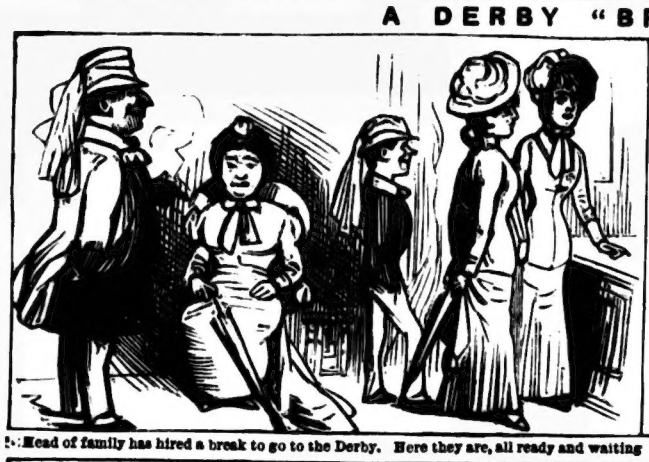
Playful Coster. My eye, Bill, here's a hanimal! Been a-feedin' on 'im on butter tubs, an' the 'cops is a-comin' through.

THE THIMBLE AND THE PEA.
Virtuous indignation of A. SLOPER on hearing it hinted that there was no pea at all.

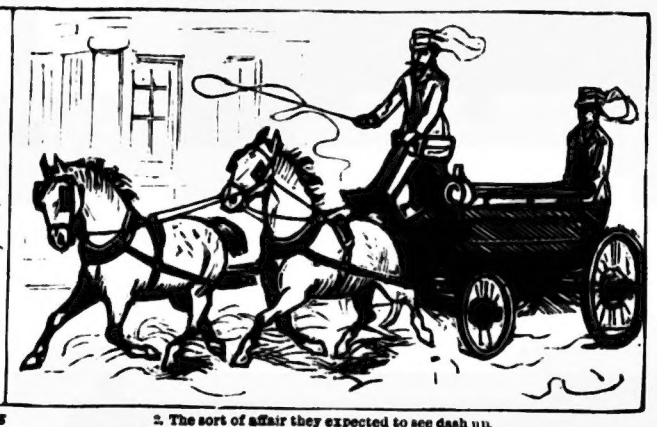
ROMANCE AND REALITY.
Romantic Barmaid. "Drink to me only with thine eyes."
Prosaic Customer. Excuse me, do you keep sausages?

A *Racing* man at Epsom.

A DERBY "BREAK-DOWN."



1. Head of family has hired a break to go to the Derby. Here they are, all ready and waiting



2. The sort of affair they expected to see dash up.

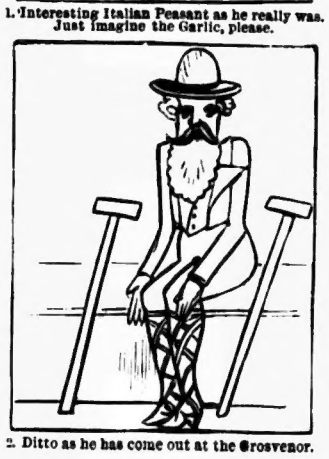
The affair that actually did "dash" up.

4. "Very sorry, sir, but it's all we've got left." [*Family tableau.*

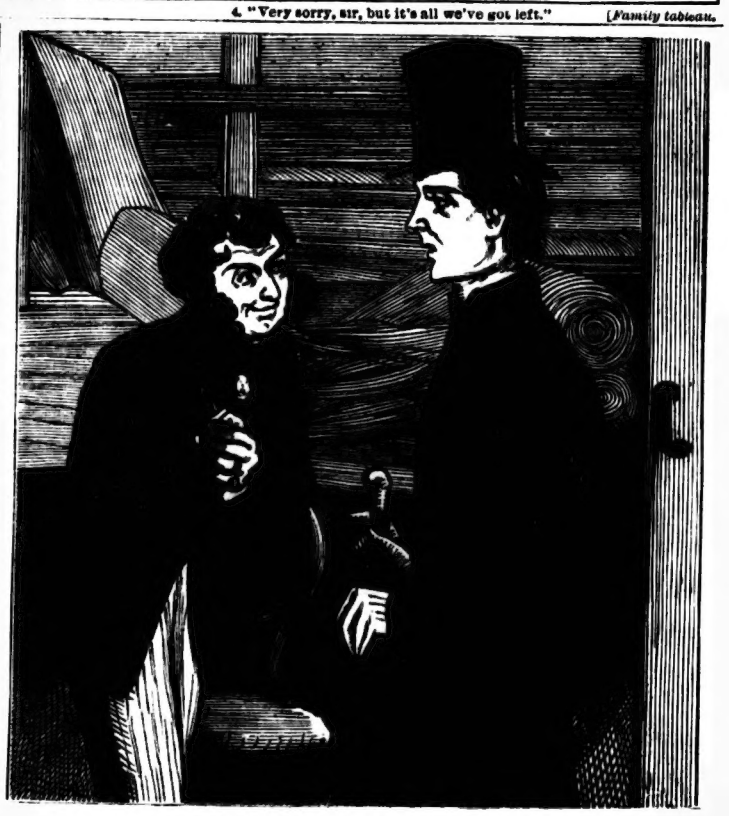
JUST *ONE* DERBY-DAY PREDICTION
THAT DID NOT COME TRUE.
Artful Little Thing. Oh, I'm sure I shall fall, Adolphus, darling!

AT THE GROSVENOR.

1. Interesting Italian Peasant as he really was. Just imagine the Garlic, please.



2. Ditto as he has come out at the Grosvenor.



THE STRAIGHT TIP.
Curate. I wish to be measured for a suit of clothes.
Tailor. Certainly, sir. May I ask your views, as we cut our coats according to doctrine?

AT THE OAKS.
A carriage—not dog, bu

THE LONG AND THE SHOR
To cut a long story short, both the lon
'un "backed" the winner at t

ALLY (WHEN YOUNG) ON THE
Distant relatives of ALLY'S, as equa

ONLY
Girl (*returning*). Please, mister, I thi
keeper (*who is certain he had carefully*
haven't. Don't try on any of your games
I was afraid one o' them pennies I give
[*Exit at hand-gallop, whilst Sh*
N.B.—*The penny she had given him*

AT THE OAKS.
A carriage—not dog, but—pup.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.
To cut a long story short, both the long 'un and the short 'un "backed" the winner at the Derby.

ALLY (WHEN YOUNG) ON THE WAR PATH.
Distant relatives of ALLY'S, as equerries in waiting.

DOING THE DERBY.

1. The Idol of the Ladies.——2. Whitechapel is there in force.——3. Brown, who is a careful man, examines the physiognomy of bookmakers, and determines only to venture his modest "half dollar" with a man of pleasing exterior. These are some of them.——4. There are the usual "side-shows," consisting chiefly of foot-races, open to all comers.——5. "When every eye was fixed upon the race, and Papa was cheering like mad, Charlie actually——"!——6. He was a non-sporting character, but he loved her; and when she asked him the exact meaning of the phrase to "Lay six to four on the field, bar one," he felt worse than you can think.——7. 'Arry hires a bit of blood, and goes down "*distangy*."——8. All we remember of it afterwards.——9. Frightful example. N.B.—*The nose did it.*

ONLY HER FUN.

Girl (*returning*). Please, mister, I think I've given you the wrong money. *Sharp Shopkeeper* (*who is certain he had carefully counted the coppers tendered him*). Oh, no, you haven't. Don't try on any of your games here. *Girl.* All right, mister, if you don't mind. I was afraid one o' them pennies I give you was a bad 'un.

[*Exit at hand-gallop, whilst Shopman goes laboriously through contents of till.*

N.B.—The penny she had given him was perfectly good and, of course, she knew it.

THE ROYAL ACADEMEE.

No. 0,001.—"Starving in Prison." No. 0,002.—"The New Waitress at our Restaurant." The parties in jail actually make you hungry looking at them, while the tin dishes the young lady carries are enough to drive you wild. It was very cruel to hang the starvelings so near to them.

WHEN DUTY CALLS.

Good Boy. I can't go along on yer to the Races, I tell yer. He's got a bad cold in his head, I tell yer, an' he's took me on for the day to pocky-hangkercher him!

ALLY-CAMPANE.

ANOTHER Derby gone, and with it all ALLY'S profits on the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for the last twelve months (2s. 11½d.). The Eminent is now a broken down man, a wreck of his former self, and has not even twopence with which to buy a drop of unsweetened. Yes, ALLY planked down all his profits upon his favourite horse, and lost. Such is life. Can he continue to carry on his "HALF-HOLIDAY" is the question on everyone's lips. The F. O. M. begs to relieve the public mind by informing them that he has managed to borrow a shilling or two from Uncle Boffin, and therefore hopes to carry on the "H.-H." as heretofore. Tootsie was, of course, all there at the Oaks.

***

AT a Vestry meeting, recently held at Portslade-by-Sea, an application was read from Mr. Scrase, Collector of Poor Rates, for an increase of salary on account of the parish having extended, and consequently his work being augmented. In the course of his application Mr. Scrase stated:—"But far worse than all is the new district that has been added to the parish, and which is known as 'Sloper's Island' (laughter). This property was built (?) by the used-up speculating builders from other places, and is now the refuge of everyone that was in distress, and everyone that was in debt, and everyone that sang, 'We've got no work to do-o-o' laughter). This district, which is as large as the village of Portslade, is an increasing trouble." The Eminent begs to emphatically contradict the rumour that "Sloper's Island" belongs to him, and that he and Iky Moses have started the lucrative, if somewhat unsubstantial, business of jerry-builders. The Eminent is not particularly partial to house property. As it is, the constant fear engendered by expected visitations from tax-collectors reduces his mind to a state of terror, to which the condition of Cromwell's mind after reading "Killing no Murder" was absolutely nothing.

***

MESSRS. HOWARD and VERNON'S Dramatic Company recently performed *East Lynne* at the Kilburn Town Hall. The company acted very creditably; indeed, some members showed histrionic ability that will doubtless, ere long, bring joy and "filthy lucre" to the possessors thereof.

***

TOOTSIE says she came across three beautiful coffins in the Canadian Department, in the Western Arcade, at the "Colinderies." The Dook Snook also says that a cheerful feature of the Edinburgh Exhibition is a choice collection of assorted tombstones, which has been accorded a position of suitable prominence in the grounds.

***

THE Bill for Closing Public Houses during the whole of Sunday in the county of Durham has been read a second time in the House of Lords, and may now be considered as fairly certain to become law this Session. There is no reason to believe that the majority of the House approved of the Bill, but they acquiesced in its passing, for reasons which were very plainly, and even rather mercilessly, set forth. The Eminent pities the male portion of the population of Durham from the bottom of his heart, and advises them to leave the county at once.

***

JOHN COOK, aged 17, was recently charged before Mr. Partridge, at Wandsworth Police Court, with committing wilful damage. The damage consisted in the said John Cook chalking two figures on a private door. Over one figure was written the words, ALLY SLOPER, the other figure represented the G.O.M. Mr. Partridge fined the irrepressible artist 7s., in addition to 1s. damage, with the alternative of seven days' imprisonment. It is generally the bird that suffers at the hands of the cook, but in this instance the case was reversed. The Eminent cannot help thinking that John Cook must possess a brain of no mean intellectual capacity, or he would not have chosen, for a display of his artistic propensities, representations of the two Grandest Old Men in England. Chalk it up!

***

TOOTSIE says this year the British matron will not find as many shocking and demoralising examples of the "nude" on the walls of Burlington House as has hitherto been the case. Still there are, both at the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor, several undraped specimens of the female form divine exhibited to the gaze of the curious crowd.

***

THE new comic opera at the Comedy Theatre, *The Lily of Leoville*, is likely to become a big success, as the alterations which have been introduced greatly improve it. The lyrics, which are by Mr. Clement Scott, are very pretty and taking, and do the composer ample justice. Mr. Hayden Coffin sings with taste and skill, rendering perfect justice to the most effective parts in the piece. Miss Delaporte, the Gabrielle, has capacity as a vocalist, but her soprano voice is of hard and unsympathetic quality. Miss M. A. Victor makes good capital out of the comic scenes. Altogether, the company do their work in a very creditable manner.

***

THE Medical Battery Company, Limited, are showing some Works of Sculpture in their Saloon, Oxford Street, by Mr. Charles Lawes. There are about thirteen specimens of Mr. Lawes' handiwork, and they are certainly "invested with artistic merit." The Eminent is not bad at "chiselling," but this gentleman leaves him far in the rear. There wasn't a sign of a "ghost" about.

THE Lord Mayor, in a letter to a contemporary, says:—"Sir,—I shall be glad if you will allow me to say that, with a view to giving practical facilities to the public to respond to the eloquent appeal which the Prince of Wales made on behalf of the Gordon Boys' Home, at the Opening Festival on Saturday—as reported in your issue of to-day—it will afford me great pleasure to receive donations at the Mansion House in support of this most excellent Institution. The Committee are anxious to provide accommodation for one hundred and sixty boys, of whom sixty have been already admitted. The cost of the buildings necessary for this number is estimated at ten thousand pounds, and the annual charges of maintenance and education at nearly four thousand pounds." Now then "HALF-HOLIDAY-ITES," don't be backward; send in your coin and let your bosoms swell with pride at the knowledge that you are supporting such a noble institution.

***

THE Executive of the "Colinderies" would do well, were they to have plans of the Exhibition placed here and there, with an occasional signpost denoting whither the openings led. Then, again, the smokers throw away their matches as recklessly as of yore; so some night we may expect to hear that the Exhibition has been turned into an impromptu crematorium. The Executive should prohibit the use of matches by visitors, and provide spirit lighters at various places, similar to those at the entrance of most clubs, or in all well-appointed tobacconists' shops. By the way, Lord Bob says you must buy a box of vestas or vesuvians now if you want a light. For the first few nights you could help yourself—but then Bob is so mean!

***

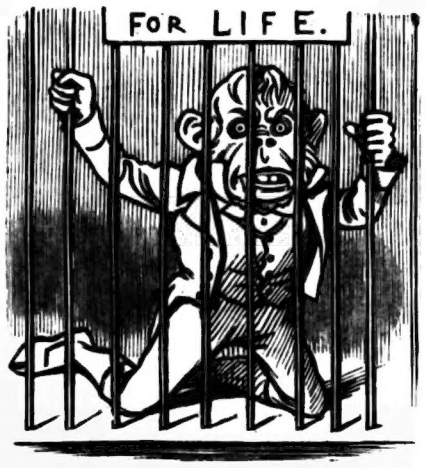
SOMEBODY very truly said, the other day, that "the recent spectacle of our trading classes in London, standing for the most part helpless while their shops were wrecked by a disorganized mob, was not reassuring as to our spirit and warlike character."

***

LUXURIOUS tastes are evidently being developed among London schoolboys—doubtless as the result of the high culture they now receive in the elementary schools. A policeman, the other day, arrested a youth, aged nine, and a companion, a year his junior, as they were alighting from a hansom in which they had been enjoying a drive. There would have been no particular harm in thus taking the air, but for the fact that the money to pay for the drive had been stolen by the boy from his mother. More recruits for Bill Higgins' Band of Murdering Marauders.

***

THE Motion for the Total Abolition of Capital Punishment was recently rejected in a very thin House by a majority of fifty-five, the numbers being a hundred and seventeen to sixty-two, or nearly two to one. The debate necessarily travelled over ground with most of which the public are familiar; nor did it bring to light any fresh arguments either for or against the infliction of the penalty of death. The subject was fully discussed in the year 1877, when the majority against the proposal of Sir Joseph Pease was a hundred and five; and again in 1881, when the majority on the same side was ninety-six.



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MRS. BARTLETT is not to be allowed to take over all her husband's possessions without a struggle. The father of the deceased man is disputing the will, and the case will probably come on for hearing in the end of June. It is stated that Mrs. Bartlett has been living at Brighton recently under an assumed name, but the photographers have been too busy to give her much chance of escaping recognition. *Où est* Dyson?

***

OF all the pretty dispositions of a wardrobe, none can exceed in novelty that of the Midget Kate Rowsand, who was known all over Europe as Madame la Marquise. The little woman thought that her dresses and linen and everything she wore would be far too small for the smallest child, but in order that some poor girls might be made happy she bequeathed £10 for the purchase of twenty dolls of her own size, which are to be dressed from her wardrobe, and given to orphans. What a pity she didn't leave one or two dresses to be placed among "The Sloper Relics!" Her name would have become a household word.

***

RECENTLY there landed on our shores a guest as honoured as any who have crossed the Atlantic within the memory of this generation. Few American writers have been better known than Oliver Wendell Holmes, and it would be hard to name one who has charmed the English-speaking race with more wit and wisdom. Two generations of cultured people have laughed with this merry philosopher, or have striven, not always with success, to keep dry eyes when he is in his graver moods. A right royal welcome will be given him by all lovers of true genius.

***

MR. B. S. WILLIAMS, the proprietor of the Victoria and Paradise Nurseries, Upper Holloway, has now on view an exhibition of Orchids, that is really exquisite, and all lovers of this fashionable flower should seize the opportunity to journey Hollowaywards.

***

LAST Wednesday week the Messrs. Hürter gave a banquet, at the well-known Tivoli Restaurant in the Strand, to celebrate the brewing of the hundred thousandth barrel of their famous Kaiser Lager Beer. A large company sat down to a repast that would have satisfied the most fastidious palate, and the usual loyal toasts were drunk with great enthusiasm. ALLY caused some amusement by refusing champagne and asking for "unsweetened."

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 5TH, 1886.

30th May, 1664.—On this day the Chelsea fishermen began to fish, and took from Monday to Saturday 9 salmon weighing 172½lbs., and sold them as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
To the Duchess of Ormond, 13¾lbs. at 16d.		18	0
To Lord Cheyne, 191bs. at 18d.	1	8	6
To Mr. Alston, 18lbs. at 18d.	1	7	0
To several fishmongers, 122lbs. at 14d.	7	2	4
	10	15	10

The reach on which Chelsea stands is the widest of any part westward of London Bridge; it runs in a pretty equal course from east to west, nearly two miles in length. In the reign of Charles II. it was called Hyde Park on the River Thames.

30th May, 1882.—A "steeple-jack" of Leicester, named William Daybel, whilst engaged on the evening of this day in lighting up some illuminations, fell from his ladder and sustained a fracture of the skull, from which he died next morning. The deceased caused considerable excitement the day before, during the Royal procession, by standing on the top of St. Mark's Church spire waving his arms. The church of Tetbury, in Gloucestershire, has a light and elegant spire, which, having stood for two or three centuries, the weathercock at last became decayed, and fell to the ground. To put up a new one a man from Bristol, in 1844, without the aid of any scaffolding, surmounted the spire, and placed thereon a new weathercock. In attempting a similar exploit the poor fellow fell from a great height, and was killed on the spot.

31st May, 1854.—Three waggon loads of gunpowder, or about 11,250 pounds of this material, exploded this day in a street at Wilmington, Delaware, killing several persons and badly injuring seventy-five houses in the vicinity. On this day also the transport vessel *Europa*, with troops on board, was totally destroyed by fire off Brest, when twenty-one lives were lost.

31st May, 1878.—The two German ironclads, *König Wilhelm* and *Grosser Kurfurst*, came into collision this day off Folkestone. The latter ship sank within a few minutes, and out of the company of 497 hands, more than 280 went down with the ship.

31st May, 1865.—The Derby was this day, for the first time in the annals of British racing, won by a foreigner. The sensation produced when it was known that the French horse, Count F. de Lagrange's Gladiateur, had actually won was indescribable. The betting before the start was 5 to 2 against Gladiateur.

1st June, 1813.—Captain Broke, in the *Shannon*, this day engaged the American frigate *Chesapeake*. The ships were soon in close contact, when Captain Broke, discerning a favourable opportunity, gave orders for boarding, himself setting the example. The conflict was bloody, but short; the American's decks were cleared in two minutes, her colours were hauled down, and the British flag hoisted over them, and she was led away in triumph in the sight of her friends, who were expecting her victorious return. In Washington Irving's "Remains," is recorded an opinion that Sir Philip Vere Broke's memorable challenge to Captain Lawrence, of the *Chesapeake*, was prompted by a mere thirst for reputation.

1st June, 1797.—A desperate naval engagement took place this day between an Algerian cruiser of eighteen guns, well manned, and a Corsican frigate of twenty-six nine and twelve pounders. The action began at seven in the morning, and was continued with unremitted obstinacy until three in the afternoon, when, a sloop and cutter coming up, the frigate was towed off in a disabled condition, and the pirate, being completely riddled, they fired the magazine, and blew themselves to pieces. The Algerine had a number of Christian captives on board, and was commanded by Sidney Beder, the terror of the Spanish coast.

2nd June, 1780.—The Riots, under Lord George Gordon, in St. George's Fields, commenced this day. Many Catholic chapels and private houses, including the house of Lord Mansfield, were sacked. Newgate destroyed, and many of the prisons burst open and set in flames. The middle-class inhabitants—a pacific and innocent set of people—went about in consternation. Blue ribbons were generally worn to give an assurance of sound Protestantism, and it was the general rule to chalk up "No Popery" in large letters on the doors. A foreign Jew in Houndsditch inscribed on his door, "This house is a sound Protestant." Grimaldi, an Italian actor, newly come to England, with exquisite satire put on his door, "No Religion."

2nd June, 1581.—James Douglas, Earl of Morton, was this day beheaded at Edinburgh. As is well known, the instrument employed on this occasion was one forming a sort of prototype of the afterwards more famous guillotine, and named "The Maiden." Morton is believed to have been the person who introduced it into Scotland, and he is thought to have taken the idea from a similar instrument which had long graced a mount near Halifax, in Yorkshire, as the appointed means of ready punishment for offences against forest law in that part of England.

3rd June, 1881.—The following count of the habits of the dog, "Railway Jack," appeared in the papers of this date. Towards the close of the year, 1878, a fox-terrier, big in bone, and not over well-bred, jumped into a train that was leaving Brighton for Horsham, and settled himself in the guard's van. Little notice was taken of him at first; but after a time he began to be a person of great interest. No one knew to whom he belonged, but every morning he was ready to start by an early train. Sometimes he went to Portsmouth, sometimes to Horsham, sometimes only to nearer stations; but, strange to say, he always got to Brighton in time to catch the last train to Lewes, where he always slept. At length the Brighton Company began to look upon him as one of their regular servants, and presented him with a collar bearing the inscription, "Jack—London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company." One day the dog's movements were carefully noted. After leaving Lewes, he made his first halt at Brighton, leaving that place by a train reaching Steyning at 10.50. There he got out for a minute, but went on by the same train to Henfield. Here he left the train, and went to a public-house not far from the station, where a biscuit was given to him; and after a little walk, took a later train to West Grinstead, where he spent the afternoon, returning to Brighton in time for the last train to Lewes. He used to sit looking out of the window, and displayed no personal attachment to any particular guard or official along the line.

4th June, 1844.—Joel Fisher this day murdered his wife, Mary, at Weston-super-Mare. The servant, who was sleeping with her mistress, was alarmed about five o'clock in the morning, by the murderer bursting open the door. He was armed with a square iron bar, and, having jumped upon the bed, struck his victim with it upon the head. The servant and his two children, who were sleeping in another bed, cried out in horror, but he replied that he would not injure any of them, and struck the unfortunate woman two or three more blows with the bar, which literally smashed in her skull; after which he left the room, but in less than a minute returned with a carving-knife, with which he cut her throat in so dreadful a manner as to nearly sever her head from her body. He then went to the room of one of his lodgers, and informed him what he had done. An alarm was given, and a policeman, who shortly arrived, was shown upstairs to the chamber where the corpse lay by the murderer himself. He was afterwards tried, convicted, and executed at Taunton.

5th June, 1854.—A large elephant attached to a menagerie at Providence, in America, this day broke loose from his keeper, and before he could be captured attacked all the carriages that he met on the road, killing the horses, tearing the waggons to pieces, and dreadfully injuring several persons.

5th June, 1865.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, this day opened the Royal Dramatic College at Woking.

5th June, 1880.—The railway up Mount Vesuvius was this day opened for traffic.

MY LADY CHAMPAGNE.

Wayward, soft, luscious and tender,
Lightsome, and spotless from stain,
Graceful of figure and slender,
Decked with a silver crown's splendour—
Our Lady Champagne.

Brilliantly sparkling and creaming,
Haughty and lovely and vain,
Gay 'midst the froth lightly beaming,
Swift o'er the crystal edge streaming—
Our Lady Champagne.

Bubbling and seething and springing,
Solace and soother of pain,
Joys of an outer world bringing,
Sweets to the air gaily flinging—
Our Lady Champagne.

Proud in the depth of deep scorning,
Haughty and grand with disdain,
Rosy as soft clouds at dawning,
Fresh as the breeze of the morning—
Our Lady Champagne.

Kisses seductive in greeting,
Falling like soft summer rain,
Rapturous bliss of lips meeting,
Sighing a woe at retreating—
Our Lady Champagne.

Frothy, light, bubbly and beady,
Life to the overworked brain;
Beer for the humble and needy,
Wine for the wealthy and greedy—
Our Lady Champagne.

A HAUGHTY-CULTURAL CONVERSATION.

Strange how quickly gossip travels! Supping with the Commander-in-Chief at Natal one evening last week, one of the most popular officers in the service mentioned that at the Ladies' Invitation Ball at Brighton each of the hostesses wore, as a badge of distinction, a large sunflower on her dress. "Specimens of ball-room floor-y-culture, I suppose," said young Fitzgeorge Mountstephen, who has been a wag ever since I attended his christening. "Nay, rather," interposed the Commander-in-Chief, with that stately humour with which we are all familiar, "considering the aristocratic nature of the gathering, I should be inclined to call it haughty-culture." "Then why didn't they wear a bouquet of London Pride?" said one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, who never can let a thing drop—except an acquaintance who has lent him money.

QUITE A NOVELTY.

—£5 : 5 : 0—

and "The Sloper Award of Merit" *will be given to the first couple who get married through the introduction afforded them by* "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency." *Address, giving date of marriage, etc.—*

Miss TOOTSIE SLOPER,
"*Hymeneal Department*,"
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address is enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Address—TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 20, considered handsome, height 5ft. 6in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, musical, and can draw, income £80 per annum, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman who must be agreeable. Photo required. Address—Miss M. W., "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 33, with an income of about £600 per annum and expectations, is desirous of meeting with a cheerful, domesticated, and musical young lady with a view to matrimony. Address, with photo—"Lex," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, 21 years of age, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony; the lady is tall and dark, and generally considered good-looking; private income £150 yearly; gentleman must be a year or two older, and fairly handsome, with a little property, or in a very good business. No letters will be answered unless photos are sent, which will be returned if not approved of. Address—"Kittie," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG FRENCH LADY, aged 19, with private income, medium height, dark and brilliant complexion, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman of same age; money no object; can speak English. No letters answered unless photograph is sent. Address—"Josephine," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

GENTLEMAN, aged 29, but who looks younger, of good appearance, fair, small brown moustache, income about £200 per annum, wishes to meet with a lady of some pretensions to good looks and some little money, that he may marry *at once*, being heartily sick of his bachelor life.—Address, in strict confidence and good faith (enclosing photo), "Charley," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A JOLLY GIRL, aged 18, wishes to correspond with a gentleman, not under 22, with view to matrimony. Must be tall and dark, also in good position. The lady has £200 a year.—Address—"Jolly Little Jill," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, (19), fair, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman, dark preferred, with a view to marriage. The gentleman must be lovable, fond of music and dancing. Money no object, as the young lady has plenty, but cannot obtain it until married. Please send photo.—Address—"Pet," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A GENTLEMAN, aged 22, tall, dark, and handsome, who has a private income of £1,800 a year, wishes to marry a young lady. Must be good looking, not more than 25 years of age. Must enclose photo.—Address, in strict confidence, "Julius H.," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*** *NOTE.—Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the above advertisements. Advertisements already received, which do not appear above, will appear as soon as space admits.*

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

*** *It has come to the knowledge of* A. Sloper, Esq., R.A., *that there are those who doubt the genuineness of the Letters published from numerous celebrities acknowledging the receipt of his* "Award of Merit." A. Sloper, Esq., T.W.M., *wishes to assure his patrons that every letter that has been published under the title of* "The Editor's Letter-Box" *is bonâ fide, and a Prize of £100 and the* "Award of Merit" *itself will be given to anyone who can prove the contrary.*

18, Holland Park Road, W., *May* 12*th*, 1886.

Ally Sloper Esq.

Esteemed Sir,—I beg to acknowledge with feelings of the deepest gratitude the receipt of your much coveted Award. The honour of being pointed at by one of such mature judgment (by the way, how old are you, Sloper?)—— Now I've lost the thread! Never mind! I am very much in want of a fine model, and if Tootsie had no objection . . . . of course, you might tell her that I shouldn't want her to pose as Cassandra, or any other overdressed lady.

Excuse my turning off from the original purpose of this letter, but I thought the opportunity too good a one to lose. Accept my best thanks, and with kind regards to your very respectable family (don't forget to tell Tootsie, mind!)—Believe me, yours truly,

TOD SOLOMON, F.O.S.

Eldon Lodge, 12*th May*, 1886.

Mr. R. Caton Woodville presents his compliments and friendly greetings to Mr. Alexander Sloper, and begs to state that his (R. C. W.'s) manly bosom is boiling over with dishonest pride at the discreditable tribute paid to his merit; and he moreover intimates that, should further insult be offered to the W. Escutcheon, he will be under the pleasant obligation of requesting Mr. Alexander S. to step down the family "ally," and meet his—namely, W.'s—imposing big brother, who will visit just and well-merited retribution on the bald and empty pate of the said A. S.

N.B.—This *is* final.

Lytham Studio, St. Alban's Road, W., *May* 12*th*, 1886.

My Dear Sir,—Thank you for the handsome Diploma you are so good as to send me, of which I am very proud. These are, indeed, the palmy days of art, when such honours are attainable.

Believe me, yours truly, ANDREW C. GOW.

A. Sloper, Esq.

8, Melbury Road, Kensington Road, W., *May* 12, 1886.

To A. Sloper, Esq., &c. &c.

My Dear Sir,—The certificate of your Award of Merit has been safely delivered to me—a precious document, which will be always preserved by me as one of my most valued possessions, and my dear children—if I had ever had any—would, I know, have looked upon it as a sufficient inheritance.

With profound respect and gratitude, I am, very truly yours,

MARCUS STONE, A.R.A., F.O.S.

3 Primrose Hill Studios, *May* 14, 1886.

My Dear Ally Sloper,—I have received your drawing with much pleasure, and feel proud that my picture, "The Magic Circle," has commended itself to your notice. Receive my best thanks, and believe me to be, my dear Ally Sloper,

Yours very faithfully,

J. W. WATERHOUSE.

11 Melbury Road, Kensington, W., 14*th May*, 1886.

Sir,—I beg to acknowledge, with warmest thanks, the receipt of one of the Diplomas of Merit granted to those you deem worthy of your favour and special recognition for excellence in art.

The honour was as unexpected as it will be prized and appreciated by me. My children are delighted with it, and wish to claim it, for they say *they* know you well; and I trust my future work will never cast a slur on the present judgment of my friend Sloper. It now hangs, surrounded by my other diplomas. I am, gratefully yours,

A. Sloper, Esq. LUKE FILDES.

7 Chelsea Embankment, S.W., *May* 17*th*, 1886.

Dear Ally,—The feelings with which I received your Order of Merit can be better imagined than described. How can I sufficiently thank you? Yours very sincerely,

JOHN COLLIER.

The Grange, West Kensington, W., *May* 18, 1886.

Dear Sloper,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 8th instant, and the accompanying Diploma, conferring upon me the decoration of your Order of Merit.

The picture you have selected for this distinction is one in which I humbly, according to my poor powers, certainly endeavoured to meet and deal with some of the darker problems, theological and social, of our time; and that in this effort I have succeeded in meeting with your distinguished recognition, will ever be a subject of pleasurable remembrance to me.

Believe me, Sir, yours gratefully and obediently,

E. BURNE-JONES, F.O.S.

THE SHORT AND LONG OF IT.

With whip I'd lick my rival, Dick,
And make him feel the thong of it;
But—I am small, and he is tall,
And that's the short and long of it.

I'd slay him with a stable fork,
And make him feel the prong of it;
But—I am timid, he is bold,
And that's the short and long of it.

With mighty blows his skull should ring,
I'd make a very gong of it;
But—Dick's thick-headed, *I* am not,
And that's the short and long of it.

I'd go unto my man of law—
I'd tell great Dr. Strong of it;
But—I am poor, and Dick is rich,
And that's the short and long of it.

I'd hie me to the music halls,
And make a comic song of it;
But—I should be with libel charged,
And that's the short and long of it.

I would a duel with him fight—
He'd perish at Boulong of it;
But—reader, she's eloped with Dick,
And there's the short and long of it!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

A fish very much out of water—A pike on the Epsom road.

It is funny men should *back* horses when they most want them to come forward. Some people will lay on the field this year; but more, probably, will lie on the downs.

There are so many strong-minded women nowadays, that one may even be found to own to a size beyond six and a quarter.

Some people eat a heavy luncheon on the Derby Day because it is customary; others do so because it is stood to them.

To Ladies on 'Change—Invest in marriage lines, if you can.

Few artists can draw a pretty mouth; it's harder, though, to draw teeth.

After all, the ladies must be called the *unfair* sex in argument.

Can an auctioneer be expected to wear an amiable expression of countenance when his looks are always for-bidding?

A gentleman who was harassed by a terrible *bug*-bear during the late easterly wind, has, since the change of weather, found it to be nothing but a *flea*-bite. Moral: Don't make mountains of molehills.

THE SKULL HUNTERS: A TALE OF THE PRAIRIE.

By Captain Rayne Meade.

(Commenced in No. 107.)

CHAPTER III.

OUT OF THE DILEMMA.

Reader, place yourself in our position, and then only can you realise what it is to find yourself in a burning prairie surrounded by tribes of buffaloes, anxious to exhibit your *gore* by means of their own, and herds of Indians thirsting for your blood, and hungering for minute slices of your liver!

"Once there, we were safe."

But my presence of mind (and body) were both equal to the occasion, and I had determined what to do. As soon, therefore, as the nearest herd of buffaloes had arrived within a measured yard of where we stood, I urged on my gallant steed, who, clearing the head of the foremost buffalo with one mighty bound, alighted nimbly on the backs of those beyond. Once there we were safe.

Before us stretched a boundless expanse of bounding buffaloes' backs, forming a plateau as flat as Tupper, and as compact as Carlyle. No turnpike road could be smoother or more convenient, for, with the exception of occasionally stumbling over the elevated tails or humps of the infuriated animals, we made our way with the ease and celerity of greased lightning.

My noble horse had adapted himself instantaneously to the exigencies of the occasion, and carefully "took" his buffaloes with the skill of a seaman walking the decks when a slight roll is on, shortening and lengthening his reach to suit his foothold; such is the marvellous teaching of the prairie.

For a time nothing was heard but the roar of the moving mass beneath us tearing in the one direction, and the panting of my brave beast devouring space in the other—a unique instance of "Heads, I win; tails, you lose," as my horse cannoned off the heads and tails of the maddened buffaloes, yet safely carrying Donna Isabella and myself.

Now, dearest reader, if you know of any neater dodge to get out of such difficulty as that I have just described, I'll trouble you to mention it. But I'm sure you don't—it's impossible. I've written two hundred and fifty tales of the prairie, and I ought to know. Rather!

My gallant barb behaved admirably. Though he was covered to the very hoofs with foam, though he was hamstrung with fatigue and spavined with terror, though his eyes flashed fire and filled with water, and though he panted to that extent that a pair of pants came from his nostrils at least every two seconds—still he urged on his wild career. He understood the slightest hint. I had only to dig my spurs into his ribs till they met in his inside, and the noble animal would immediately accelerate his pace in the most miraculous manner.

Onward, still onward, we pursued our way in a slantindicular nor'-nor'-easterly direction, dodging the prairie flames, and hoping by this policy to insure our lives from fire.

Hark! what is that fearful crash, similar to the breaking of a dozen banks, the thunder of six earthquakes, and the collision of forty express trains, all joined together. The living road beneath us *quivers* with the harrowing shock! It is—what?

Not to keep the reader in suspense, I will proceed to describe the cause of that fearful crash and its effects, premising that Donna Isabella was greatly affected, and not without cost, for the shock dislodged a pearly drop from one of her eyes, that would have sold for a handsome sum in the Egyptian market, but which was lost in the tumult below us. Pressing necessity prevented me from dismounting to recover the lost treasure, and I was reluctantly compelled to content myself and the fair lady by the promise of giving her the opportunity of shedding another when and where it could be secured. But to my story.

It is the fearful concussion of the two tribes of Indians and the two herds of buffaloes meeting together in the middle of the prairie. They are at a complete dead-lock, and not all the police in the world could make them move on.

Listen! That wild combined yell is the concentrated essence of piled up agony!

The yell is long continued, and in places intense enough to be seen.

I close my eyes with horror, and stop my ears with a couple of pistols—all is over!!!

* * * * * *

The next day not a vestige remained either of the Sawnees, the Prawnees, or the buffaloes. They had all closed together in a universal and indiscriminate slaughter, and mutually annihilated each other. Not a hair of a buffalo's tail, or a streak of an Indian's war-paint, was left to tell the tale of this fearful encounter. The prairie

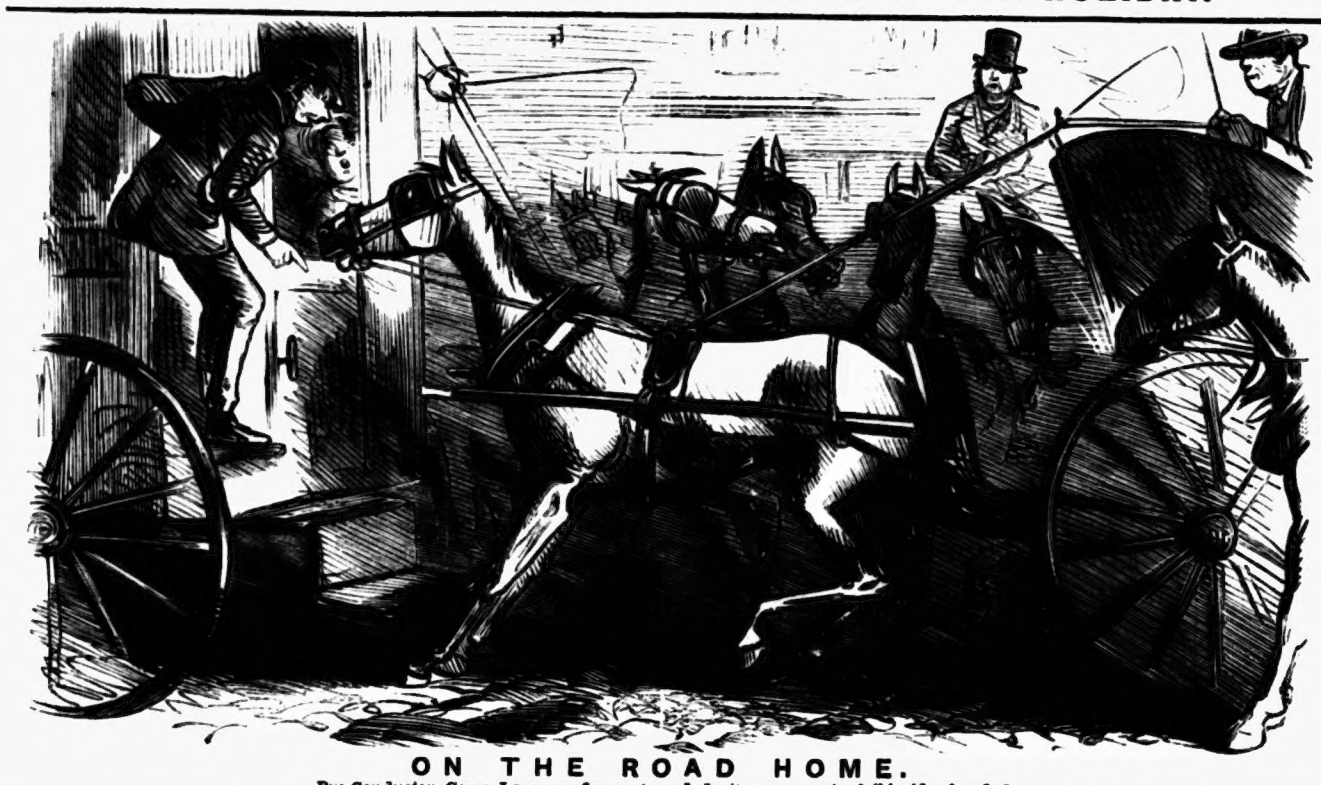
"The concentrated essence of piled up agony."

too, had been afterwards completely destroyed by the fire, and what made it all the more shocking was, that it was totally uninsured!!

* * * * * *

So pass away all earthly things! So perish the black-beetles o Anahuac before the mighty glance of Harper Twelvetrees, and so sink the realms of Montezuma beneath the chawing-up majesty of the all-fired American Eagle!!!

(To be continued next week.)



ON THE ROAD HOME.

Bus Conductor. Come, I say, my fiery untamed, don't you see we're full inside already?

"Home, sweet home,
There is no place like home."

Quite so; it's so jolly to come back to it unexpectedly, too, isn't it?

MOURNING OVER HIS LOSSES.
The morning after the Derby. Poor old chappie!

RUNNING DOWN IN 1851.

1. Talking of the "Colinderies" Exhibition reminds me that it was in '51 (the year of the World's Fair, as everyone knows) that Tom and Dick met at their favourite tavern the evening before the Derby. "Going down to-morrow?" asked Tom. "Thought so," replied Dick. So they arranged to go together on one of the many four-horse 'busses starting from Piccadilly Circus.

2. "How about dust-coats?—we shall want dust-coats," said Dick. "Come along, then," said Tom; "I know the very shop—fourteen and six—and tip-top, down-the-road they are." "The latest style, gentlemen," said the shopman, "and considered nobby."

3. "Look here, we shall want some cigars," said Tom; "let's get 'em at the little Bloomer's shop." So they bought several shillingsworth.

Perhaps this individual would satisfy Mr. John Rogers's duelling propensities. He looks a bit of an actor, too!

4. It was then Dick said, "We ought to have a post-horn. I know a livery-stableman who will lend us one." "That horn, gents, was blowed by me for twelve year when I was on 'The Rocket.' Will I have a drop of something? Well, I don't mind coming out with yer."

5. *An hour or so later.*—"Look here," said the policeman; "just you chaps drop that row, or I shall take you both to the station-house!"

6. *Before parting for the night.*—"By-the-bye, old boy," said Tom, "I s'pose you can manage to let me have a couple of sovs. till Saturday, to go down with? Fact is, the expenses of this evening——" "O, lor! no, I can't, old fellow," interrupted Dick; "to tell you the truth, *I'm* stumped, and made sure you'd be able to lend *me* a pound or two." *So they did not go after all!*

"THE NE PLUS ULSTER."

Bodger has invested in one of those charming garments to go down to Epsom in—and quite right too; for, as he very truly says, "A man must follow the fashions, if it's only for the sake of the women."

Lillie's little flirtation in the private box at the *Lyceum*.

"THE PLEASURES OF HOPE," AT WINDERMERE.

POOR GUDGEONS!

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